Deimos

(Hissing.)
ICE WARRIOR: Silence in the chamber. Lord Izdaal to speak.
LORD IZDAAL: My lords, the disaster facing our planet has passed the point of no return. The atmosphere can no longer protect us from the sun's radiation. The surface temperature is rising and the equatorial ice sheet is melting. If we are to survive, we must evacuate!
ICE WARRIOR: My Lord, we have nowhere to evacuate to. The world of Earth is uninhabitable during this period of history.
LORD IZDAAL: Then we must construct great catacombs on the moon known as Deimos. There we shall sleep, entombed in our ice until such time as our world or the world of Earth becomes suitable for rehabitation, and then we shall awake to take our rightful place as rulers of the Solar System.
ICE WARRIOR: You speak false. This is only a temporary...
LORD IZDAAL: I will prove the truth of my words. Tomorrow I shall face the Martian dawn. If I am mistaken, then I shall live. But if I speak the truth, then I shall die.
(Hissing.)

PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: (speaker) And so the next morning, Lord Izdaal faced the lethal red dawn, sacrificing his life to prove to the Ice Warriors that they must abandon Mars. For more information on the red dawn press eight on your audio guide now.
MARGARET: Imagine, the final resting place of the Ice Warriors.
HAROLD: Yeah.
MARGARET: This bit's probably where they slept. And that rock over there. Harold, you sit on it while I take your hologram, and don't go pulling your grumpy face, you're on holiday.
(Camera snap.)
HAROLD: It's just that I thought there'd be a bit more to it than a load of empty tunnels and caves.
(Signal.)
HAROLD: Oh, here we go again.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: (speaker) You are now in the deepest part of the catacomb to have been opened to the public. But this is merely a section of a labyrinth which extends deep into the moon's crust. Nobody knows how many chambers remain to be discovered.
HAROLD: I suppose they put all the good stuff in the museum.
MARGARET: That's probably it. Oh, I'm looking forward to having a sit-down. We'll do that first. A sit-down, a cup of tea, and then a look at some ancient Martian artefacts, okay?
HAROLD: Whatever you want, Margaret. It's your treat, not mine.
MARGARET: Oh, don't be like that. How can I enjoy myself if you're going to be all miserable? Oh. What's that down here?
(Walking.)
HAROLD: Er, shouldn't we be heading back to the tourist shuttle?
MARGARET: In a minute. I don't want to miss anything on the way.
HAROLD: And I don't want to miss the shuttle.
MARGARET: Oh my goodness. Look, Harold, at the end of the passage. Ice Warriors.
HAROLD: If you say so, dear.
MARGARET: What?
HAROLD: I mean, come on, they're a bit tatty, aren't they? (Laugh.) It's just a couple of actors in costumes.
MARGARET: I know that. Just play along, it'll be fun.
(A Young Man, a CURIOUS TOURIST.)
CURIOUS TOURIST: Oi-oi. Anything worth seeing in 'ere?
MARGARET: Ice Warriors, down the passage.
CURIOUS TOURIST: Ice Warriors? Wait for me.
MARGARET: Shh, shh! They're about to start.
CURIOUS TOURIST: Hey, Ice Warriors. They look terrific. Do you think they'll mind if I have my hologram taken with them?
MARGARET: Oh, there's always one, isn't there? My husband will oblige.
CURIOUS TOURIST: Right-o. Here. Wait until the red light comes on.
HAROLD: The red light. Got you.

CURIOUS TOURIST: Great. Ta. Excuse me? Mr Ice Warrior? Hello. I wondered. Would you mind before you start your, er, performance, if I can have my hologram taken with you?
(Hissing.)
CURIOUS TOURIST: I mean, I don't want to interrupt, but those costumes of yours are awfully good, the best I've ever seen. (Laugh.) In fact, if I don't know better, I'd say you were the genuine article and not, er, people dressed up.
ICE WARRIOR: We are not dressed up.
CURIOUS TOURIST: What?
MARGARET: What do you think's going on?
HAROLD: Hopefully they're telling him to get stuffed.
(Ice Warrior gun. CURIOUS TOURIST cries out.)
MARGARET: Oh! Oh my goodness. They've killed him. They killed him!
HAROLD: They can't have. That would mean...
MARGARET: They're real. Harold, the Ice Warriors, they're real.
(Ice Warrior gun.)

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opens.)
THE DOCTOR: Fascinating. Oh! Fascina... Fascinating!
TAMSIN DREW: So you don't know where we are, then?
(Door closed.)
THE DOCTOR: Just because I say I find somewhere fascinating doesn't mean I don't know where we are. Although in this case entirely coincidentally, I don't. The TARDIS seems to have brought us here of its own accord. Odd.
TAMSIN DREW: That's all right. I like surprises.
(Surprised laugh)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh! What is that?
THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it. Incredible.
TAMSIN DREW: You're right there. A two-legged man-sized turtle is fairly incredible.
THE DOCTOR: An Ice Warrior.
TAMSIN DREW: A what?
THE DOCTOR: Indigenous to the planet Mars. Long before your time.
TAMSIN DREW: *Before* my time?
THE DOCTOR: There was an environmental catastrophe many millions of years ago, made Mars a dead world.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, don't tell me, Doctor. You were there, and saw it all.
THE DOCTOR: As it happens, yes.
TAMSIN DREW: Doesn't look terribly friendly, does it? Clampy pincers. Nasty. Is it dead?
THE DOCTOR: Oh yes. Dead, stuffed and mounted.
TAMSIN DREW: Hey, there's another one. An Ice Lord this time. Wearing traditional Ice Warrior burial regalia. Mm, Second Dynasty, by the look of it. Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: What? How do you know that?
TAMSIN DREW: Oh well, I suppose it's time I came clean with you. You see Doctor, I've done a spot of the old time travelling myself. Visited prehistoric Mars a couple of years back.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin, you've travelled in Time before?
TAMSIN DREW: It's written on the plaque next to it. We're in a museum, Doctor. This is an exhibit.
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Well, that makes sense. Because there is no way that battle regalia is Second Dynasty.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, show-off.

(Door opening up.)
LORD SLAADEK: Escort the prisoners into the shuttle.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, my Lord Slaadek. Move!
(HAROLD and MARGARET gasp as they are moved along with the sound of others.)
ICE WARRIOR: Do not stop.
HAROLD: All right, all right. (Gasps.) I don't understand, Margaret. The Ice Warriors were supposed to have been wiped out centuries ago.
MARGARET: Harold, not now.
HAROLD: Something to do with T-Mat on the Moon, wasn't it? There was a documentary about it on the ... the History Channel.

MARGARET: Shush. They'll hear you.
HAROLD: Well, you're the expert. You're the one that always nattering on about Martian this and Martian that.
ICE WARRIOR: Do not delay.
HAROLD: All right, all right.
(Humming of power of shuttle.)
ICE WARRIOR: You are to remain here inside the shuttle. Any attempt to escape or gain control of the transport will result in your death.
(Door closed.)
HAROLD: We're on our own now. What do you think they're up to?
MARGARET: I don't know, Harold. I don't want to know.
(Noise of motors.)
HAROLD: They're taking us back to the moon base. They - they haven't killed us so they must need us alive.
MARGARET: Just be grateful that they do.
HAROLD: Yes, but for what? We've seen what they did to the others. If they get into the moon base they'll ... We have to do something.
MARGARET: Harold, please, don't. You'll get yourself killed.
HAROLD: If other people's lives are at stake, I don't really see that I have any choice.

THE DOCTOR: Wrong again. These labels are hopeless. That rune should read "Here lies the Ice Lord Valex, slayer of the weak." Not as this plaque would have it, "Here lies the Ice Lord Vaxil, saviour of the weak."
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah. I don't want to be critical, but this place, it's all a bit - you know, touristy.
THE DOCTOR: Touristy?
TAMSIN DREW: Did I ever tell you I once worked at the London Dungeon? For one glorious summer, I thrilled in different tourists as a Cockney drab who gets done to death by Jack The Ripper. "Cor, ain't you a fine-looking gentleman. Argh!"
THE DOCTOR: Mm. Like to have seen that. Hey, now that *is* impressive.
TAMSIN DREW: What is it? Some sort of giant steam-driven cannon?
(Noise of door in distance.)
TAMSIN DREW: Oh-oh, Doctor, someone's coming.
THE DOCTOR: Yes - Right, get ready to put your improvisational skills into practice, Tamsin.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Which brings us to the main projection dome, the largest structure on Deimos designed to house the atmospheric re-ioniser, the reason why the moon base was built. If you could move around please so everyone has a view. Yes, you too, Madam. Thank you. Now, as you can see, construction of the re-ioniser had actually been completed when the project was cancelled.
THE DOCTOR: Er, sorry, sorry, what project was that?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Oh really, if you'd been paying attention earlier you would know. The Mars terraforming project. The plan was to re-ionise the atmosphere of the planet from space, to create a...
THE DOCTOR: A new Martian atmosphere sufficiently rich in oxygen and nitrogen to be breathable to humans. I remember now.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Good. Now, as I was saying, the Martian...
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry, I'm sure you've already covered this, but why was the project cancelled?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I was about to get to that part when your friend there interrupted me. The Martian terraforming project was, regrettably, brought to a premature end due to the advent of the Great Recession, and because there was certain technical obstacles that could not be overcome, they decided...
THE DOCTOR: No, it - it would have worked, I mean, they'd have needed to find some way of heating the planet this far out from the Sun...
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Surprising as it may sound, the thought had occurred to them. The intention was for a series of artificial suns to be placed in orbit. However that part of the project never got off the drawing-board.
(Clicks, metal object drops.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Excuse me, would you mind not interfering with the exhibit?
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I was just wondering if it was still plugged in.

TAMSIN DREW: I can't take you anywhere.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: The atmospheric re-ioniser now stands as a monument to the culture of financial irresponsibility that brought about the Great Recession in the first place.
(Walking off.)

(Grunts.)
MARGARET: Harold, what are you doing?
HAROLD: These shuttles are fitted with a Wi-Fi induction loop, so people can plug in their hearing aids.
MARGARET: So?
HAROLD: So, it shouldn't be too difficult to patch that loop into the secondary radio transmitter.
MARGARET: Oh - and you tell me off for nattering about Martians. You're just as bad when it comes to wires and circuitry.
HAROLD: We might not be able to stop them, but at least we can send out a warning.

PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Ready your cameras as we come now to the Martian sculptures recovered from the tomb of Vazlor. You will note the intricate carvings in the geometric style associated with the Fourth Dynasty...
THE DOCTOR: Fifth.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: What was that?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing, nothing.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: The Fourth Dynasty runic carvings translate as "Here lies the Great Ice Lord Vazlor, designer of the catacombs of Deimos, the last resting place of the Ice Warrior race."
THE DOCTOR: Not quite the last.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, shh!
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Not quite the last?
THE DOCTOR: Well, no, they also took refuge in the asteroid belt.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Would you excuse us, ladies and gentlemen? Please feel free to drift among the exhibits and take as many holograms as you wish. I don't recall you two being part of this tour party.
TAMSIN DREW: We, erm, missed the first part of the tour, caught up just now, hence all the dumb questions.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I see. May I enquire who precisely you are?
THE DOCTOR: I am the Doctor. Hello. This is my friend Tamsin.
TAMSIN DREW: Hello. Delighted. Loving the museum, all so interesting.
THE DOCTOR: And who are you? Remind me.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I happen to be Professor Boston Schooner, chief curator of this museum and the leading authority on the history of the Ice Warriors.
THE DOCTOR: No! Really?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: It was I who first excavated the catacombs. Everything you can see is the result of my archaeological research. As visitors to this moon base, you would have been issued with identity passes. May I see them?
TAMSIN DREW: Identity passes? Erm, we, er ... Actually, I'm glad you asked us that, at last. Yes. Because we're, er, security inspectors from Head Office posing as ordinary tourists, and we've come to check what sort of operation you're running here, and let me tell you we haven't been very impressed. So if you want us to put in a good word you'd better be very careful what you say next.
(Sound of communicator being activated.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Security? Professor Schooner here. Report to me at once. We have two unauthorised intruders in the Martian reliquary.
THE DOCTOR: Why couldn't you just say we'd left them on the bus?

GREGSON GRENVILLE: Look, look - you'll get your maintenance in due course. What am I supposed to do, send you money I haven't got?
(Female MAXINE on communication device.)
MAXINE: That's precisely the sort of contrary attitude, Gregson, that makes me wonder why I ever consented to marry you.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah, I'm kind of wondering the same thing.

MAXINE: Oh, I should have listened to my mother. She warned me...
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Sorry, interference from the Asteroid Belt. Bye-bye.
(Drink poured.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Oh, five minutes, that's all I ask, just five minutes. Who's this.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Two trespassers, Mr Grenville. Thought they should be brought to your attention.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Oh, marvellous.
THE DOCTOR: Look, I can assure you we didn't mean any harm.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah, yeah, that's what they all say. Listen, this isn't Phobos, you know. We're not running a hippy holiday camp.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I think they might have been attempting to purloin one of the artefacts.
THE DOCTOR: Purloin? Do we look like common thieves?
TAMSIN DREW: Besides, all your artefacts are rubbish.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Okay, whatever. First passenger rocket back to Mars - they can deal with you down there. They get a lot of vagrants.
TAMSIN DREW: I beg your pardon?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: But they were trying...
GREGSON GRENVILLE: What do you expect me to do, Professor, chuck 'em out onto the surface? I do not have the authority.
(Electronic signal.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Oh, what now?
HAROLD: (intercom) Hello? Hello? Can anyone hear me? This is Tourist Shuttle Number Two. We've just left the ice catacombs and are heading back to the moon base, but a group of Ice Warriors has taken over the shuttle, and are holding us captive. I repeat, a group...
MARGARET: (intercom) Harold, the door!
LORD SLAADEK: (intercom) You are communicating with the moon base.
HAROLD: (intercom) Yes. And they know all about you now.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, is this real?
THE DOCTOR: Shh.

LORD SLAADEK: Switch off the device.
HAROLD: No. You'll have to kill me.
LORD SLAADEK: This female is your mate.
HAROLD: Eh?
(MARGARET gasps.)
MARGARET: Harold!
LORD SLAADEK: Switch off the device, or your "mate" will die.
MARGARET: Don't do it, Harold.
HAROLD: All right, all right, I'll do what you want. Just don't hurt her.
LORD SLAADEK: Move away from the device.
(Ice Warrior gun. Small explosion. HAROLD gasps.)
LORD SLAADEK: There will be no further communication...
(MARGARET gasps.)
LORD SLAADEK: ... and as a warning against any future acts of treachery...
(Ice Warrior gun. Man screams. Shocked reactions from other passengers.)
MARGARET: Oh! Mr Bannity. Why, you've killed him. Nice Mr Bannity.
HAROLD: He was innocent. He had nothing to do with us.
LORD SLAADEK: Next time, it will be your mate who dies.

GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah, yeah, very funny Luigi. Happy April Fool's to you too.
THE DOCTOR: Mr Grenville, this is no joke. You heard that man, there are Ice Warriors on their way here now.
TAMSIN DREW: Surely you ought to do something?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah, right. Don't think so somehow.
THE DOCTOR: What, you're just going to sit here?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: The Ice Warriors have been extinct for hundreds of years, Doctor, or didn't you even know that?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: They were all melted when their invasion fleet spiralled into the Sun. I remember being taught about it at school.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, believe me, I know all about that, but...
TAMSIN DREW: Don't tell me - you were there.
THE DOCTOR: I was, as it happens, but that's not important.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Where do you suppose they've come from, Doctor?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, maybe they woke up. You know - like hibernating bears.
THE DOCTOR: Very possibly. Professor, have you explored every part of the catacombs?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: No, not yet. I was hoping to acquire some more funding, but it's been very difficult, what with the recession...
THE DOCTOR: There we are, a hidden chamber. Ice Warrior tombs always have hidden chambers.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: And now they've hijacked the tourist bus - yeah, pull the other one, Doctor, it goes ding-a-ling-a-ling.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, maybe if you could just find a way of proving that these Ice Warrior things are on the shuttle. I mean, it could just be someone messing about.
THE DOCTOR: Mr Grenville, is the tourist shuttle in range for an infrared scan.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I don't know. Why?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, never mind, I'll do it myself.
(Bleeps.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Hey, hey!
THE DOCTOR: There, you see? Those glowing patches indicate the presence of life.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yes, six humans in the passenger section, so what?
THE DOCTOR: And no humans in the control cabin. Now, if I adjust the heat sensitivity to pick up subzero life forms...
(Gasps.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Nine more creatures in the control cabin. All at minus twenty degrees.
TAMSIN DREW: Ice Warriors. You were right.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah, I suppose I'd better let the supervisor know.

(Snoring. Alarm bleeps. Lifting of receiver.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Hello? Yes, what?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: It's Grenville, Miss Finch.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Look Gregson, I'm in the middle of my sleep period...
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I know, we have an emergency. You should come down to Security.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What sort of emergency?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: You should come down to Security, Miss, because otherwise you're not going to believe it.

(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Come on, come on.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: What's your friend trying to do?
TAMSIN DREW: Haven't a clue. He never tells me anything. Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Trying to open a visual communication channel to the Ice Warriors. They're not picking up.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: What were you going to do if they'd answered?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, persuade them to release the prisoners.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Persuade them? What with?
THE DOCTOR: Don't you have some sort of weapons system? Some means of protecting the base from extraterrestrial attack?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: No, nothing. Never had any call for it.
TAMSIN DREW: You're completely defenceless? That's, er...
GREGSON GRENVILLE: That's what?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, it's not exactly forward-thinking, is it?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Ah, Miss Finch.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Who are these beatniks and what are they doing in the security control room?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Ah well, I can explain.
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, this is Tamsin, and you're about to be invaded by Martians.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What?
THE DOCTOR: I take it you're in charge.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: I'm Supervisor Temperance Finch, yes. What do you mean, Martians?
THE DOCTOR: The Professor here is the Ice Warrior expert. He'll answer all your questions. Grenville, the tourist shuttles - what sort of fuel do they use?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Decay emission micro cells - normal stuff. Why?
THE DOCTOR: So to refuel you direct a stream of microwave radiation towards them?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yes, we use a short range microwave emitter.
THE DOCTOR: Then that's our weapon.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Weapon? What are you talking about?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: But it'll fry everyone on board.
(As more bleeps)
THE DOCTOR: I just want to give them a warning shot across the bow, that's all.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What?
THE DOCTOR: Trust me.

(MARGARET gasping in fear, HAROLD exhaling as though gasping for breath.)
MARGARET: Harold, what's happening?
HAROLD: I don't know. Maybe the engines are playing up.
MARGARET: How could the engines make it hotter? I can't ... I can't breathe.
LORD SLAADEK: What is this treachery? You were warned.
HAROLD: It's nothing to do with us.
LORD SLAADEK: Then who is responsible?

(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: There, that should do it. Try the communicator again.
(Static.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: They're responding.
THE DOCTOR: I thought they might. Open a visual channel, would you?
(Bleep.)
THE DOCTOR: Calling Tourist Shuttle Number Two.
(Hissing of LORD SLAADEK.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I don't believe it.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Living, breathing Ice Warriors. They survived. This is an historic moment!
TAMSIN DREW: There's no need to sound quite so thrilled about it.
LORD SLAADEK: You, human. Are you responsible for this attack?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Hello. But before we chat, shut down your engines.
LORD SLAADEK: You presume to threaten an Ice Lord?
THE DOCTOR: Move any closer, you'll be Baked Alaska.
LORD SLAADEK: But you would also kill your own kind.
TAMSIN DREW: And don't think we're not prepared to do that.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, Tamsin.
LORD SLAADEK: You would not dare.
THE DOCTOR: Try me.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Sensors indicate they're slowing down, Doctor. They've stopped.
THE DOCTOR: How far away?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: About half a mile.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you Ice Lord, now perhaps we can discuss exactly what it is you want.
LORD SLAADEK: We will discuss nothing. Unless you allow us into the moon base, we will kill each of our human captives.
THE DOCTOR: N-no, hang on a second.
LORD SLAADEK: Fifteen minutes. That is how long you have to decide.
TAMSIN DREW: Ah. Nice negotiation, Doctor. What do we do now?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: You do nothing. Mr Grenville, activate the microwave emitter.
TAMSIN DREW: But there are people in there, innocent people.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, what happened to, "and don't think we're not prepared to do that"?
TAMSIN DREW: Well, it's just the sort of thing one says in this sort of situation, isn't it? I didn't mean it.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, I do. I have a duty to protect everyone in this moon base. I'm afraid the people on that shuttle are dead now whatever we decide to do.

PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Never mind the tourists. Those Ice Warriors are the last of their species. Unique!
TEMPERANCE FINCH: This is a matter of security, Professor, not a matter of archaeology. Mr Grenville, I ordered you to activate the emitter.
THE DOCTOR: There is another option.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, this had better be good, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Send me out there.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What?
THE DOCTOR: Give me a space suit. I'll go and talk with them.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: And what do you imagine that will achieve?
THE DOCTOR: I know the Ice Warriors. If I can find out what they're after I might be able to arrange a release of hostages.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Very well. But if they move that shuttle even a millimetre closer.
THE DOCTOR: I understand.

(HAROLD and MARGARET gasp)
HAROLD: Oh ... Oh dear. Oh.
MARGARET: Oh, God...
HAROLD: Are you all right, dear?
MARGARET: A little weak, that's all. Could do with a cup of tea.
HAROLD: Couldn't we all. Don't worry, we'll get out of this.
MARGARET: I don't see how.
HAROLD: We - we will. We'll get back to Mars colony and ... we'll have such a story to tell.
MARGARET: Oh.
HAROLD: Held prisoner by the Ice Warriors.
(Door slides open.)
LORD SLAADEK: You, human.
HAROLD: Whoah, what! What do you want? Ow!
LORD SLAADEK: You are to be taken for execution.
MARGARET: Oh...
HAROLD: Oh!
MARGARET: Harold...

(Sound of rustling of space suit.)
THE DOCTOR: Gloves, Tamsin, please.
TAMSIN DREW: Up here.
THE DOCTOR: Pass the suit.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, I'm cast, not a wardrobe assistant. What do I know about putting on space suits? And besides, what am I supposed to do while you're out there moon-walking?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I have a job for you. Helmet.
TAMSIN DREW: Here. What job?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, it - it's quite complicated, so listen very carefully.

(Walking.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: How long do we have left, Grenville?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Seven minutes, Miss Finch.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Make sure the emitter is on standby. I want to be able to toast that shuttle in an instant if necessary.
THE DOCTOR: (intercom) Hello? Testing? Can you hear me?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: We hear you, Doctor. Where are you?
THE DOCTOR: (intercom) I'm driving one of your moon buggies over to the shuttle. I say, these things are rather fun, aren't they?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Remind me again why I agreed to this?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: How far from the shuttle are you?
THE DOCTOR: (intercom) Not far now, should be there in a couple of minutes - Whoah, whoah, whoah! That crater came out of nowhere.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Fingers crossed he doesn't get himself killed before he gets there.

LORD SLAADEK: Fifteen minutes. Contact the moon base.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, my Lord.

(HAROLD cries out.)
HAROLD: No ... No! No...
TEMPERANCE FINCH: (intercom) This is Temperance Finch, Supervisor of Deimos moon base. I'm prepared to accept your surrender.
LORD SLAADEK: Surrender? It is you who must surrender. Our sensors indicate you have yet to power down your defences. You shall do so immediately...
(HAROLD gasping.)
LORD SLAADEK: ... or this human will die.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: (intercom) No. You will release all hostages now, or *you* will die.
LORD SLAADEK: Our sonic weaponry has a number of settings. We are capable of inducing extreme levels of pain. Observe.
(Ice Warrior gun. HAROLD cries out. Buzzer.)
ICE WARRIOR: Lord Slaadek. The airlock.
LORD SLAADEK: What?
(Door hissing as it opens.)
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Hello there. Sorry about the forced entry but I couldn't find the doorbell.
LORD SLAADEK: You. The one from the Moon base.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) That's right. (Speech) I'm the Doctor. Your friendly hostage crisis negotiator.
LORD SLAADEK: We do not wish to negotiate.
THE DOCTOR: But I can help you. Tell me what you want.
LORD SLAADEK: We demand access to the moon base.
THE DOCTOR: I see. Might one ask why?
LORD SLAADEK: We are not prepared to discuss our battle plans.
THE DOCTOR: Well, how about you take me as your hostage and let everyone go? After al,l if you approach the moon base you'll be vaporised. And if you kill the passengers, you'll be vaporised. You can't win.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: They're not buying it.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I don't know. Give the Doctor a chance.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Professor Schooner, what do you think these Ice Warriors want? Gregson? Where's - where's the Professor got to? I thought he was here.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: What - what - I don't know, I - I have been kind of busy.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) You wish to give your life in exchange for the others?

THE DOCTOR: Well ... yes.
LORD SLAADEK: Then your life is of greater value than theirs.
THE DOCTOR: Well, er, no, no, no, I wouldn't say that.
LORD SLAADEK: Would you not? In that case you shall be the first to die.

TAMSIN DREW: Come on, come on, where is it? Aha! Power distribution centre. At last. Here goes.
(Bleeps. Female Voice of COMPUTER.)
COMPUTER: This is a security door. Please enter password.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh great. Didn't say anything about a password, did you, Doctor? Oh well. Nothing ventured.
(Bleeps as each letter is typed in)
TAMSIN DREW: P, A, S, S, W, O, R, D.
(Unlocking.)
COMPUTER: Access granted.
(TAMSIN DREW yelps.)
TAMSIN DREW: Twenty-Third Century and nothing's changed. Now, what was it called again? Microwave emission supply, microwave emission su... Microwave emission supply! You do know your moon bases, Doctor. Okay. Now for the off switch.
(Blast. TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Step away from the control bank.
TAMSIN DREW: Professor Schooner.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Step away from the control bank. Or you'll find yourself with a large smouldering hole where your stomach used to be.

TAMSIN DREW: But if we don't deactivate this microwave thing then that Finch woman might use it on the shuttle.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I'm quite aware of that, that's why I'm here. Oh, I really don't have time for this.
(Sudden blast. TAMSIN DREW cries out.)

THE DOCTOR: No, no - listen, listen to me, I'm offering you the chance to get out of this alive.
LORD SLAADEK: You lie.
THE DOCTOR: I give you my word. You have to trust me.
LORD SLAADEK: Trust? We do not trust humans. Supervisor Finch, you will power down your defensive weapon, or this Doctor will die.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: That's not going to make the slightest bit of difference. The Doctor means nothing to us, dead or alive.
LORD SLAADEK: Then kill him.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, Lord Slaadek.
THE DOCTOR: What? No - No...
(Ice Warrior gun.)

GREGSON GRENVILLE: They've killed him. They've gone and killed him.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: So much for negotiation.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) Remobilise the shuttle. Proceed to the moon base.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: The shuttle. It's heading straight for us.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: This is your last chance. Stop immediately or - or we will destroy everyone on board.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) If you had the stomach for it, you would have destroyed us already.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I do not bluff. Ready, Mr Grenville?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Ready.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Wipe them out!
(Motors start then fade.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What's happening? Grenville?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: The microwave emitter. The power's been cut.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What? Reactivate immediately.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I - I can't. It's not responding.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Was it enough?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: What?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Enough radiation to kill everyone in the shuttle.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I don't know. I'll check the infrared scan.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Because if it wasn't, without that emitter there is nothing we can do to stop them.

(Door opened. HAROLD gasps.)
MARGARET: Oh ... Harold? Harold, are you hurt?
HAROLD: It's all right, Margaret dear. I thought we'd had it for a moment there though. Felt like we were being roasted alive.
MARGARET: Oh, here. Have my handkerchief. You're bleeding.
HAROLD: Ta. What about the Ice Warriors? Are they still alive?

ICE WARRIOR: Lord Slaadek. You have been harmed.
LORD SLAADEK: No. I will recover. The transport is to continue to the moon base. We must avenge this attack.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, my Lord.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, Gregson? Are they still alive?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: It's hard to tell. The radiation's scrambled the sensors, but ... yes, I think so. They're heading for Docking Port Three.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I want every available guard down there. Those things are not to get into the moon base under any circumstances.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yes, Miss Finch.
(Bleep of communicator.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: All guards, this is a Code Red emergency. Make your way to Docking

Port Three.

(Door slides open.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: In. Go on, move, or do I have to shoot you again?
TAMSIN DREW: All right, all right, I get the message.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Professor Schooner, explain yourself.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I was in the power distribution centre checking everything was okay with the microwave emitter when I found the girl there. She was in the process of cutting the supply feed, sabotaging the emitter.
TAMSIN DREW: Ha! Excuse me. You zapped me with your stun gun before I had a chance to sabotage it, and then unplugged it yourself.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: A ridiculous accusation.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: So you don't deny you intended to sabotage the emitter?
TAMSIN DREW: No. I mean, yes. The Doctor wanted to make sure you didn't use it on the shuttle.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: The Doctor's dead.
TAMSIN DREW: What? No!
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Grenville, stick her in one of the internment cells.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yes, Miss Finch. Professor?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Mm, what?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Your gun, please.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Oh, yes of course. Here.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: This way, Miss.
TAMSIN DREW: Er ... yes.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Right. Now, Professor. I want you to tell me everything you know about Ice Warriors.

ICE WARRIOR: We have docked with the moon base, Lord Slaadek. Opening airlock.
(Noise of opening.)
LORD SLAADEK: Excellent. Remain outside the shuttle. Kill anyone attempting to enter or leave this vessel.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, Lord Slaadek.
LORD SLAADEK: You others, follow me.
ICE WARRIORS: Yes, my Lord.
(Door closed.)
HAROLD: Good riddance to bad rubbish.
MARGARET: I'm scared, Harold. We're going to die here, I know it.
HAROLD: Don't be silly, Margaret. We - we've made it this far, haven't we?
MARGARET: I know, but...
(Tearful.)
HAROLD: Now ... come on, come on, no tears. That's not the brave girl I fell in love with. We'll get out of this, just you wait and see.
THE DOCTOR: That's the spirit.
MARGARET: Oh my word.
HAROLD: You're ... you're still alive.
THE DOCTOR: I appear to be, don't I? I'm the Doctor, by the way, and you are...?
HAROLD: Harold, and - and this is my wife Margaret.
MARGARET: But - but that Ice Warrior, he - it - it used its gun on you.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but fortunately my space suit insulated me from the full impact of the sonic wave. Which gives me an idea. You couldn't pass me my helmet, could you Margaret?

GREGSON GRENVILLE: Into the cell please, Miss. No, don't struggle, there's a good girl.
TAMSIN DREW: Please Mr Grenville, I'm telling the truth. It wasn't me, it was the Professor with a spanner in the power room. Mr...
(Door sliding closed.)
TAMSIN DREW: ... Grenville!
GREGSON GRENVILLE: (intercom) Not that I particularly care, but why would Schooner want to sabotage the microwave emitter.
TAMSIN DREW: Well, because ... because I don't know, maybe he's secretly in league with the Ice Warriors or something.

GREGSON GRENVILLE: (intercom) Oh, the Ice Warriors that nobody knew existed until about an hour ago. I'll be back to check on you when I can.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh!
(Thump as though she has kicked the metal.)
TAMSIN DREW: Ow.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: Security leader. Have you secured the docking port?
GUARD CAPTAIN: (speaker) Yes, Miss Finch. Blast shield is down and sealed. Standing by.
(Alarm.)
GUARD CAPTAIN: (speaker) They're attempting to breach the shield. You men, prepare to engage!
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Security Leader, report.
GUARD CAPTAIN: (speaker) The blast shield, Miss Finch, it's vibrating like something's shaking it apart.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What is it? Professor Schooner, what's doing that?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Sonic cannon, I expect.
(Male cry.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Security Leader, what's happening?
GUARD CAPTAIN: (speaker) The blast shield's gone, Miss Finch, blown to bits!
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Then you'll have to engage them directly.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: It won't do any good, you know. Those men don't stand a chance.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Spot targets.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: (speaker) And shoot to kill.
GUARD CAPTAIN: They're coming! Take aim! Open fire!
(Shots and Ice Warrior guns.)

GUARD CAPTAIN: (speaker) It's no good. Our blasters aren't having any effects!
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I told you. Ice Warrior battle armour is impervious to your weapons.
(Ice Warrior guns and screams.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Invincible!
GREGSON GRENVILLE: What's happening?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Not now, Gregson. Hold your positions. Don't let them into the base.
GUARD CAPTAIN: (speaker) Didn't you hear me? There's nothing we can do. Unless we fall back, we're going to...
(GUARD CAPTAIN cry.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Security Leader! Security Leader!
(Silence.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, that's it, then. We're finished.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Then we'll have to evacuate the moon base. Miss Finch?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Sorry, what?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Give the order to evacuate.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Evacuate?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: There's a passenger rocket docked at the landing bay. It can hold five hundred. How many people are in the base?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I don't know, about six hundred including tourists.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: There'll be a squeeze but we can do it. Give the order.
(Bleep of communicator.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: (loudspeaker) Attention. This is an emergency announcement. All visitors and personnel are to make their way to the passenger rocket at the landing bay. This is not a drill, I repeat, this is not a drill.

(Door opens.)
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Excuse me, Guard, I wonder if you'd mind stepping into the airlock for a moment?
ICE WARRIOR: You. You should be dead.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Yeah, sorry about that. My, er, battle armour is impervious to your weapons. I'm invincible. One moment.

ICE WARRIOR: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) I'm de-pressurising the airlock. I'd hold my breath if I was you.
ICE WARRIOR: That is not armour. I shall destroy you.
(As Ice Warrior gun fires.)
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Yes, but a sonic weapon's not going to be terribly effective in a near vacuum, is it? Hang on.
ICE WARRIOR: You could have let me die. Why did you not?
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Because I want you to talk.

GREGSON GRENVILLE: There. That's the last of the computers locked down. Everything's encrypted, and I have the data cores here. I think we should head for the rocket now, Miss Finch.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I agree. There's nothing more we can do here.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Oh, I don't know, we might ... Oh, no.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Professor?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Just a thought. Ice Warriors find it hard to function in high temperatures. If we were to turn up the heating it might slow them down, give us all a little more time.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: You think it'd work?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: It's been done before. While you two carry the data cores to the rocket I could make for the environment controls suite. No, I just remembered. I don't have security clearance.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: It's not a problem. Mr Grenville can accompany you.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: If you insist.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I'll take the data cores and meet you both on board the passenger rocket. Try not to keep me waiting. I wouldn't want to leave without you.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Oh, very reassuring. Ready, Professor?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Er, one thing. Would it be possible to have my gun back? Just in case we run into any of those creatures.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Here.
(Gun thrown.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Just be careful where you point it, that's all.

ICE WARRIOR: De-pressurise the airlock. I cannot breathe.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Not until you tell me what you're doing here.
ICE WARRIOR: The humans have a machine. The atmospheric re-ioniser.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Of course. You're going to use it to make Mars habitable for the Ice Warriors once more.
ICE WARRIOR: Our home reborn.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) But there are human colonies down there. If you were to use the re-ioniser every single one of them would die.
ICE WARRIOR: It is our world, our right to survive. We are ... last of our race.
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Not quite the last. There are some more of you frozen out in the asteroid belt. In a few centuries they'll awake and go on to establish a new home world far away from here.
(ICE WARRIOR groans.)
THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Are you listening to me? And he's gone.
(Click.)
THE DOCTOR: Better.
(Door opened.)
HAROLD: Oh. Doctor. Is it safe?
THE DOCTOR: Perfectly. I've restored the pressure to normal.
MARGARET: That ... thing. Is it dead?
THE DOCTOR: Only sleeping for now. Harold, gather up the rest of the passengers, it's time I got you all out of here.

GREGSON GRENVILLE: Quick, Professor. Those things are almost on top of us.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: One moment, Mr Grenville. Let me get my breath back first.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: They'll be through that door any second.

PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Now, you keep watch while I adjust the temperature.
(Bleeps.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Come on, come on!
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Nearly there.
COMPUTER: Ambient temperature decreasing.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Hang on. What are you doing? You're supposed to be making it hotter, not colder.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I know what I'm doing.
(Blast, and GREGSON GRENVILLE gasps.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: You maniac, you could have killed me.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Consider it a mercy. Now, unless you want me to shoot you in the other leg, kindly remove the power packs from your gun, slowly, and drop them on the floor.
(Power packs dropped.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: That girl was right. You *are* working for the Ice Warriors.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Not at all, I'm just not prepared to let such a valuable opportunity for historical research pass me by.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Research?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I've spent my whole career studying these creatures. Now I have a chance to learn from them, to come face to face with the past. Knowing that past I recommend you leave before they arrive.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Professor, in the unlikely event the Ice Warriors don't kill you, I will, and that's a guarantee.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Go, Mr Grenville.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Oh!
(Door closed.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Idiot.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: (intercom) Attention. This is an emergency announcement. All visitors and personnel are to make their way to the passenger rocket at the landing bay.
HAROLD: Can we stop a moment, Doctor? Our legs aren't up to this.
THE DOCTOR: Shh, shh, listen, listen.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: (intercom) This is not a drill. I repeat, this is not a drill.
THE DOCTOR: Do you know the way there, to the Landing Bay?
HAROLD: Yeah, of course, it's how we got here in the first place.
(Ice Warrior guns in the background.)
MARGARET: Oh my goodness. When did it get so chilly?
HAROLD: Margaret, please. You're obsessed with the weather.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, she's right. It's turned cold all of a sudden.
MARGARET: I told you.
THE DOCTOR: The Ice Warriors must have reached the temperature control. Before long this moon base will be a vast walk-in freezer. I'd get a move on to that rocket if I was you.
HAROLD: You're not coming with us?
THE DOCTOR: I'll meet you there. Harold, you're in charge of the tourists.
HAROLD: Don't worry, Doctor. You can rely on me.
THE DOCTOR: Good man. Now, hurry!
HAROLD: Right come on everyone, run this way, follow me. Come on.

(Door opened, hissing.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Mighty Warriors of the Red Planet. I've been expecting you.
LORD SLAADEK: You. Human. Move away from the environment controls.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: It's all right, I've already put the moon base cooling feed on full power.
LORD SLAADEK: Why would you do that?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Because I'm on your side. I want to help you.
LORD SLAADEK: We do not require the help of humans.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: But I know all about you. I've devoted my whole career to studying your history, your traditions. And in the words of the inscription on the tomb of Ice Lord Vazlor, "There is no honour in killing those who are defenceless."

LORD SLAADEK: You are mistaken.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: What?
LORD SLAADEK: The inscription reads, "There is no honour in allowing the defenceless to survive."
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Oh. Still, I got it half-right.

(Walking.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Doctor! Over here.
THE DOCTOR: Grenville. So good to see you.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I thought you'd bought it.
THE DOCTOR: Rumours of my death, et cetera. I wonder if you could direct me to the environment control room.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: You're too late. Schooner's in there. He'll be exchanging notes with his Martian friends by now.
THE DOCTOR: So he's the one responsible for this cold spell we've been having.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah, he's gone from mad professor to mad gun-wielding fanatic.
THE DOCTOR: Tell me, Grenville, my friend Tamsin. Did she go with the others to the passenger rocket?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Er - no, I ... locked her up.
THE DOCTOR: You did what?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I thought she was a saboteur and ... Oh, it doesn't matter. Quick, follow me.
(Running.)

(Rocket motors.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Everyone into the rocket, fast as you can. You two, there are seats here. The rest of you, move down to the end of the rocket.
(HAROLD and MARGARET gasp.)
HAROLD: We made it, Margaret. You see, I told you.
MARGARET: Oh Harold ... I hope I don't have another day like today for as long as I live.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Make room for more passengers. Empty the storage lockers if you have to, and no hand luggage.
HAROLD: Ah ... Next year, I think we should holiday at home.
MARGARET: Oh, I wouldn't go that far. We haven't done Phobos yet.
HAROLD: Oh...!
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Captain, how long till we're ready?
THE PILOT: (speaker) Two more minutes, Miss Finch. The hydrogen cells have to charge.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Because I want you to get us off this rock the moment I give the order.

(Running.)
TAMSIN DREW: Got to keep warm. Got to keep warm. Peticca, peticca. Brrr! Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma! And first, and second, and third, plié, and first, and second, pas de bourée, entrechat, entrechat, arabesque...
(Door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: (amused) Tamsin, what are you doing?
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, Doctor! You're not dead!
THE DOCTOR: That much is obvious.
TAMSIN DREW: You're just in time. I was in the process of freezing my socks off.
THE DOCTOR: Dancing your socks off, more like.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Doctor, we have to hurry.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh well, if it isn't the guy who locked me up. Marvellous.
THE DOCTOR: I know, and he's very sorry. Are you all right?
TAMSIN DREW: Oh, fine, fine. Nothing two weeks in Provence wouldn't cure.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: We should keep moving. This place is crawling with Ice Warriors.
(Walking on metal.)
TAMSIN DREW: Quite. Doctor, where did all the snow come from?
THE DOCTOR: The drop in temperature precipitated a ground frost.
TAMSIN DREW: Ah, I see, indoors, which is quite unusual. So, what's the plan? Back to the TARDIS and a mug of Irish coffee?
THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. The TARDIS is in the same section of the museum as the

atmospheric re-ioniser. And I have a feeling that's where the Ice Warriors will be heading.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: You think that's what they're after? That piece of junk?
THE DOCTOR: I *know* that's what they're after. And if they manage to get that piece of junk working it will mean the death of every human being living on Mars.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: In that case there's only one thing left for us to do. The Professor's excavation store. He used high-density mining explosives. If we can get hold of some of that...
TAMSIN DREW: Whoah there. You're going to blow them up?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: No, more than that, if I can set the explosive close enough to the fission chamber it'll take out the whole base.
THE DOCTOR: It's a little drastic but it's a plan and while you're doing that, Tamsin can go to the passenger rocket.
TAMSIN DREW: Oh no you don't. I'm not being parcelled off like some sort of bimbo. I'm helping Grenville. What about you?
THE DOCTOR: Me? I'm going to pay a return visit to the museum.

THE PILOT: (speaker) Ship now ready for takeoff, Supervisor.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Glad to hear it, Captain. Everyone accounted for?
THE PILOT: (speaker) Missing the Professor and Mr Grenville, but apart from that, I think we've got everyone. Just doing a check for other life-signs now.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Never mind that. Begin the launch countdown.
THE PILOT: (speaker) Countdown commencing.
HAROLD: Yeah - wait!
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What?
HAROLD: We can't leave yet. There's still people out there.
MARGARET: Yes. The Doctor.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: The Doctor? He's alive?
HAROLD: Yes.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, I'm not prepared to risk the lives of hundreds to save one or two individuals.
MARGARET: But you're not giving them a chance.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: If you have a problem with that, Madam, you're welcome to leave. I'm sure we could all do with losing the additional weight. Now kindly shut up and strap yourself in.

GREGSON GRENVILLE: Okay, this is it.
(He groans with pain.)
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Tamsin, pass me the explosives.
TAMSIN DREW: Hey, you're hurt. Looks nasty. Did you burn your leg on something?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Ah, it's nothing. Just a reminder of a score I have to settle. There. That should do it.
TAMSIN DREW: So, next stop, this landing bay of yours?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Yeah. One thing - if anything happens to me, have this.
TAMSIN DREW: What is it?
GREGSON GRENVILLE: It'll detonate the charge by remote control. Once you get off the moon base, don't hesitate to use it.
TAMSIN DREW: What are you talking about? You'll be there as well.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: I know, but ... just in case. And ... tell my ex-wife she's still listed as the beneficiary of my life insurance. I never did get over her.
TAMSIN DREW: Come on, you. We can save the heroic speeches for that rocket.

PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Which brings us to the atmospheric re-ioniser, the reason why the moon base was built. As you can see, construction on the re-ioniser had been completed...
LORD SLAADEK: It was fully operational?
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I believe so. Of course, it's never actually been switched on.
LORD SLAADEK: Then we shall test its efficacy. Warriors?
ICE WARRIOR: Lord Slaadek?
LORD SLAADEK: Connect the re-ioniser to the power supply.
ICE WARRIOR: Yes, my Lord.
LORD SLAADEK: Wait here, human. I must supervise the procedure.

PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Absolutely, Lord Slaadek.
LORD SLAADEK: Use conductance cables.
THE DOCTOR: Professor. Psst! Over here. Behind the statue of Vaxil.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Doctor! What are you doing here? And it's Valix, by the way.
THE DOCTOR: Do be quiet. And don't look at me, don't look at me. While their backs are turned, I need you to sabotage the re-ioniser. You'll need this, my sonic screwdriver. Catch.
(Grunt as PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER catches it.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Doesn't look much like a screwdriver.
THE DOCTOR: Appearances can be deceptive. Now, flip open the control panel to your right. Right, Professor.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I'm sorry, I'm all a-fluster.
THE DOCTOR: That's the operational matrix. I need you to pop the sonic head in there a moment. The other way unless you want to give yourself tendonitis. Now, give it a short burst, shake things up a bit.
(Sonic screwdriver operates.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Like this?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, keep going. I'll say when.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I was wrong about them, Doctor, the Ice Warriors. I thought they were noble creatures, a once-proud race with a code of chivalry. How could I have been so wrong?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, Professor, though I have to ask which part of the word Warrior didn't you understand? Right - when.
(Sonic screwdriver stopped.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, pass me my screwdriver back.
(Dropped.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I'm sorry, hands shaking. Here.
THE DOCTOR: Thanks.
LORD SLAADEK: Doctor. So, you still live.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, hello again Lord Slaadek. Yes, sorry about that, I must have somehow forgotten to die.
LORD SLAADEK: An oversight to be corrected. Warriors, destroy him.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: Oh no you don't!
THE DOCTOR: Professor, be careful, those cables are live.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: I know what I'm doing. Go, Doctor, go. Run!
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Professor.
LORD SLAADEK: Human, you have betrayed us.
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: No. In a way I think it's you that's betrayed me. Get back.
(Electrical fizzing. Groan.)
PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER: There! Any more for any more?
LORD SLAADEK: Annihilate the human.
(Ice Warrior guns. PROFESSOR BOSTON SCHOONER cries out, falls.)
LORD SLAADEK: The Doctor has escaped. After him.

COMPUTER: Launch, T minus sixty seconds.
TAMSIN DREW: Landing Bay, hooray. Not much further. And that must be the ramp for the rocket.
THE DOCTOR: Tamsin.
COMPUTER: Fifty-five seconds.
THE DOCTOR: Mr Grenville.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Doctor, we did it. We've planted the bomb.
THE DOCTOR: Excellent.
(Ice Warrior gun. They gasp.)
TAMSIN DREW: Ice Warriors.
THE DOCTOR: Right, come on, we've a rocket to catch.
COMPUTER: Fifty seconds.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: Okay Captain, they've had long enough. Seal the hatchways.

THE PILOT: (speaker) Roger.
HAROLD: No wait, look down there. It's the Doctor.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: And he's brought a load of those monsters with him.
MARGARET: Come on, Doctor. Hurry.
COMPUTER: Forty seconds.
(Ice Warrior guns.)
TAMSIN DREW: We're not going to make it.
THE DOCTOR: They're closing the hatch.
GREGSON GRENVILLE: Run for it.
THE DOCTOR: We can do it. Take my hand, Tamsin. And ... jump!
(TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, that was closer than I intended.
COMPUTER: Twenty-nine.
THE DOCTOR: I really should do more running.
COMPUTER: Twenty-eight, twenty-seven...
THE DOCTOR: Hello again, Miss Finch.
COMPUTER: Twenty-six...
TEMPERANCE FINCH: You have the luck of the devil, Doctor.
COMPUTER: Twenty-five...
TAMSIN DREW: Hold on.
COMPUTER: Twenty-four...
TAMSIN DREW: Where's Grenville?
COMPUTER: Twenty-three...
TAMSIN DREW: He was wounded in the leg, he must have slipped. Doctor, he's still out there, open the hatch.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Too late, I'm afraid, the rocket boosters are about to fire.
TAMSIN DREW: Then call off the launch, he'll be burned alive.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: I'm sorry.
COMPUTER: Sixteen...
TAMSIN DREW: Sorry? He's on the other side of that hatchway, you could have him inside in five seconds.
COMPUTER: Thirteen...
TAMSIN DREW: You could have done it by now.
COMPUTER: Eleven...
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, do something, don't just stand there.
COMPUTER: Nine...
TAMSIN DREW: Open the hatchway with your sonic screwdriver thingy.
THE DOCTOR: You should find something to hold on to.
COMPUTER: Five, four...
TAMSIN DREW: What did you say?
COMPUTER: Three, two, one. Launch.
(Rocket motors.)

ICE WARRIOR: Lord Slaadek, the human rocket is leaving the moon base. Two of our Warriors are dead.
LORD SLAADEK: It is of no importance. We have the re-ioniser. Soon, Mars shall be ours.

(Rocket motors.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: We're away, at last.
TAMSIN DREW: You could have saved him. Saved Grenville.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: There was nothing we could do.
TAMSIN DREW: That's not true. Tell her, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Miss Finch is right, Tamsin. Once the countdown has started you can't prevent or delay the launch.
TAMSIN DREW: He was on the other side of that hatch.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: And if you'd have opened it the blast would have killed us all. Now Doctor, if you could accompany me to the control cabin?
THE DOCTOR: Yes of course.
TAMSIN DREW: We could have saved him.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well done, Captain.

THE DOCTOR: Never mind the congratulations. Whereabouts are we now?
THE PILOT: About seven miles above Deimos, circling into Mars orbit.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Captain, put us on a landing trajectory for Olympus Mons, then this can officially become somebody else's problem...
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. We're not out of the woods yet. Tamsin?
TAMSIN DREW: I'm all right. There's something I have to tell you.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: It can wait. Doctor, you were saying...?
THE DOCTOR: The Ice Warriors have the re-ioniser. They intend to use it to return the climate of Mars to what it was millions of years ago.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: But if they try to terra-form Mars...
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. How many people are living on Mars?
TEMPERANCE FINCH: About three hundred thousand.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, that's why I'm here. Grenville gave me this. He told me to use it the moment we got into space.
THE DOCTOR: The remote control for the bomb.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: What bomb?
TAMSIN DREW: We - well, Mr Grenville - he placed explosives in the moon base's fission chamber.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Then we have to use it, destroy those things before they get a chance to activate the re-ioniser.
THE DOCTOR: No.
TAMSIN DREW: No? Didn't you hear what she said? There's three hundred thousand people down there who'll die if you don't.
THE DOCTOR: Captain, open a communication channel with the moon base.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: You can't intend to talk to them, not after everything they've done.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, I'm not in the mood for murdering in cold blood.
(Bleeps.)
THE PILOT: Moon base, come in, moon base, respond, please. They're not answering. What did you expect?
THE DOCTOR: Calling Lord Slaadek. This is the Doctor. Slaadek, can you hear me? This is the Doctor. Slaadek, there is an explosive device in the moon base. If you don't respond we will detonate it immediately.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) You lie. If you had such a device you would use it.
TAMSIN DREW: Yeah. That's the bit I don't get either.
THE DOCTOR: I'm giving you one last chance. Slaadek, order your Warriors to return to the catacombs. Put yourselves back into cold storage. I will make sure you remain undisturbed until the Ice Warriors have established a new home-world.
LORD SLAADEK: (speaker) We do not require a new home-world. We have Mars.
THE DOCTOR: This is my final warning. Leave the moon base, or I will have no choice but to destroy you.
LORD SLAADEK: Then you must destroy us before we destroy you.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Well, you heard what he said, Doctor. Press the button.
THE DOCTOR: Captain, are we a safe distance from the base?
THE PILOT: Yep, more than enough.
THE DOCTOR: And you're sure there aren't any humans still alive down there?
THE PILOT: No. I checked when we left.
TAMSIN DREW: Come on, Doctor, what are you waiting for? If you leave it any longer they'll find the bomb and deactivate it. Do you want Grenville to have died for nothing?
THE DOCTOR: You're asking me to be a killer.
TAMSIN DREW: Yes, to save all those people on Mars. Look, just give it to me, I'll press it.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Let me make this very simple for you. Either you press that button now or...
(Gun click.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Or I'll shoot you.
THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't recommend firing that blaster, Finch. You'd destroy the detonator and then no-one would be able to press the button.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Good point. In which case...
(TAMSIN DREW gasps.)
TEMPERANCE FINCH: Now, set off the explosives or your friend will die.
TAMSIN DREW: Doctor, just do as she says.

TEMPERANCE FINCH: If you won't do it to save everyone on Mars then maybe you'll do it to save your friend.
THE DOCTOR: Is that it? Am I supposed to be weighing up the number of dead, choosing to kill for the sake of the greater good?
(Bleeps.)
THE PILOT: Wait. There's another message coming through.
TEMPERANCE FINCH: It'll be the Ice Warriors. Ignore them. Detonate the bomb, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: They might be agreeing to surrender. Or hadn't you thought of that?
THE PILOT: It's not the Ice Warriors. It's ... a text message.
TAMSIN DREW: A what?
THE DOCTOR: Someone's still alive down there.
THE PILOT: I'll put it up on the screen. There.
TAMSIN DREW: It's for you. "Hiya, Doctor. I'm..."
THE DOCTOR: "I'm stuck in the moon base on Deimos. Please help. Lucie Miller"?